

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



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“Yes, mother, I know how to get there, still.”

“No, mother, I’m not goin’ to need an allowance- you realize I’m a grown woman now, right?”

“What?! No, I ain’t ‘gonna drink any of dad’s booze. What is the matt- I’m hangin’ up the phone now, okay? Bye.”

Kristen huffed, rolled her eyes for nobody’s benefit other than her own, and did her best to recreate a ‘slamming the phone onto the receiver’ gesture that modern life could afford her: she jammed her thumb into the glass touch screen of her phone to hang up the call. Who did her mother think she was these days? It’s not like she knew what went on at college. She didn’t know that by the second week of her stint in the dorms, she had spent four or five nights passed out on a musty sofa while a party raged on around her until well into the evening. She didn’t know that on the first night Kristen tried a jello shot, she also had her first thirteenth jello shot. Most importantly, her mother definitely didn’t know that same infamous jello shot night, she had also hooked up with not one, but two guys that she didn’t even bother to collect phone numbers for after the sun came up. She stowed her smartphone in the cupholder and grasped the steering wheel of her Jeep with her freed hand.

The aging, rusting Jeep Wrangler bounced down the gravel-and-dirt pathway that subdivided swaths of bending, swaying grasses that stretched out as far as the eye could see. The swards surrounding her parent’s ranch were vast, and mostly unbroken, save for the occasional interrupting vein of a river’s offshoot that had, over time, tattooed themselves onto the swells of green that terminated into a horizon-grasping expanse of prairie. Trouble was, Kristen had spent the last four years of her life navigating the creaking old Jeep through the tight, concrete-lined pathways of the faraway urban center of New York. She was a country girl turned cityslicker who was now about to spend the first summer post-degree doing her best ‘country girl’ impression. As the axles of the rapidly deteriorating vehicle whined and strained while they trundled up what, to her, was barely a road compared to the asphalt she had grown accustomed to, she felt like she wasn’t exactly doing a knock-up job. She had never quite rid herself of that ‘cowgirl’ accent, though.

She careened the complaining vehicle into a hard left as the gravel inexplicably shot off in a random direction. At this point, she could see the farm house sitting pretty at the crest of a hill. Within walking distance of the sprawling, two-story house was the tall-sided cliché of a ‘big red barn,’ which stood next to the paddock that kept the horses. As she rounded the vehicle off into what was, mercifully, the final hook of the winding driveway across the fields and up to the house, she studied the horse paddock off in the distance. She had spent the last four years thinking about everything except horses. Somehow, they represented to her everything that was ‘life on the farm.’ Horses were everywhere when she was a child. They grazed the fields alongside the roads. People rode them to her high school. Being a girl fortunate enough to be raised out under the open, blue sky of the rural countryside, Kristen had spent her fair share of time on horseback. However, the amount of dressage-obsessed teen girls that she had grown up with was enough for Kristen to assign everything equestrian as the primary target of her teen rebellion. When she turned fourteen, she threw out all of her horse-print notebooks and stationary and swore to never again saddle up another one of the equine beasts.

Of course, she was a twenty-two year old woman at this point, and that maligned teen angst had overstayed its welcome. She laughed to herself, smirking at the thought of how stupid the whole feud between her and those muscled, powerful creatures had been. The summer out here was going to be long, and she figured she might as well go pay a visit to the paddock at least once while she was home. Maybe she’d even take one of the big boys out for a ride. Her pitiful Jeep would thank her

for the reprieve. Kristen piloted the Jeep up to the front of the house and cranked down the brake pedal. The juddering vehicle slid to a halt, kicking up some pebbles and stones in its wake as the Jeep's rear wheels locked up. After killing the engine, she gave the steel steed a reassuring pat on the dashboard.

"Thanks for getting me here, 'lil buddy," she whispered to her companion as the overheated motor muttered its tick-tock panting from underneath the hood.

Kristen twisted around, reached into the back of her chariot, and eased the strap of her duffel bag up over her shoulder. The toll of spending the entirety of the three-day journey in the saddle of her Jeep kicked in the moment she slid her rear end off of the cracked, yellowing leather of the front seat and her feet hit the dirt. She groaned, leaned back into the vehicle, and stretched her legs. Lamenting the decision to use the trip back from college as an opportunity for a road trip, stopping in cheap motels and for fast food where necessary, Kristen began the trudge up the steps to the front door of the ranch house.

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"Mom, dad, I'm home!" Kristen called out just as the pleated curtains of the front door's window flapped in the breeze caught up in the door's swing back on its hinges. The rickety front door closing behind her, Kristen slipped a thumb up under her duffel bag strap and crept forward across the squeaking floorboards that sounded like they had passed their centenary while she was off partying at college. She turned through a nearby threshold and into the kitchen to be immediately treated to the sight of the back of her kid sister's brown-haired head. She was hunched over her laptop at the kitchen table, tapping away at the keyboard.

"Hey, kiddo. Aren't you glad to see your big sister?" she inquired.

She watched as Cara wiggled one of her hands back over her shoulder in a dismissal, then extend a finger towards her ear to point repeatedly.

".. yeah, sorry, no, that was just my sister. She's back from college- no, it's fine, I can talk still." Kristen listened as Cara reassured whomever she was speaking to on the phone through earbuds that she wasn't busy in the slightest.

Kristen rolled her eyes, pushed a lock of her own chestnut brown hair out of her face and decided to make for the stairs. She needed to check out her room. She hadn't been there in years, but was comforted by seasonal status checks provided by her mother that it was being treated with dignity. Her space had been converted into a craft room for a time, spent time as an office for dad while he was out of work, and was finally rehailed back into Kristen's temporary living quarters in the weeks before she arrived back home. It just wasn't economical for her to come back to her home state of Nebraska every holiday, so her parents had assured her that it would be fine for her to save her money for grad school instead and that they would mind the fort. She turned the familiar corner at the top of the splintered, old wood of the stair set and arrived just before the door to her childhood domain. With a delicate push, she opened the door and walked inside.

The room was nothing like she had remembered it, and she attributed that to the fact that her mother appeared to have put the room back together using memories of Kristen from when she was about thirteen years old. Framed posters of old stallions kicking up dust as they reared up lined the walls. Some of them were saddled up by gleeful-looking girls grinning from cheek to cheek as they posed for the camera. American Girl dolls sat on the bookshelves, sporting the leather cap and riding crop of equestrian of the starlets that they were.

“Holy shit, what the fuck, Karen..” Kristen whispered, looking around at the overwhelming decor that screamed ‘I’m a horse girl and I’m proud of it.’ Determined to solve this problem later, she slung the shoulder bag off and down onto the handmade quilted duvet on top of her bed – at least that was the way she had left it, she sighed.

She made her way back down the rickety staircase to the first-floor landing and resolved to seek out her parents who had yet to acknowledge that Kristen had, in fact, not gotten lost. Kristen moved surreptitiously through the house, hoping to get the drop on her folks as they hadn’t exactly gotten the red carpet out for her upon her triumphant return to the homestead. Her efforts to be stealthy were continuously undermined by the overt floorboard whines with every one of her footfalls, but she maintained her measured tip-toeing all the same. After five whole minutes of hide-and-seek, Kristen straightened up and huffed with frustration. They must be outside, she thought to herself, and walked briskly toward the back door of the building.

After pushing her way through the spring-loaded screen door on the back of the house and out onto the opposite side of the wrap-around porch on the back side of the house, Kristen leaned forward onto the railing and scanned the land surrounding her childhood home. The grassy fields had been bathed in amber light as the sun continued its procession towards the horizon. She didn’t see her parents, so she started a lap around the porch. She looked out at the outbuildings that dotted her parent’s property, including the old barn and horse paddock.

“Maybe they’re in there..” Kristen thought to herself before skipping down the nearest set of stairs and into the dirt. She set off towards the barn first, but was able to rule that out within moments of pulling the antique doors open. With only one option remaining, she started for the horse stables. She hadn’t been in her room in four years, but she hadn’t been in the company of the dozen-or-so equine beasts that her parents kept on the land for nearly seven. As she approached, she felt the toe of her sneaker hit the raised concrete slab that the building was built on. She stepped up onto it, crossed over to the front doors, and employed a mighty yank to pull them open along the upper rail. Her parents weren’t inside here, either, but she was not alone. As the light from the outside world pierced the dimness of the space inside, she saw about a dozen pair of enormous black eyes turn to stare at her. She smiled softly, all of the sudden remembering how much she used to love the feeling of being greeted that way when she was a girl. Soft nickering echoed throughout the structure as Kristen proceeded through the double-wide doorway.

“Hey, guys and girls..” Kristen mouthed as she looked around at all of the faces. Some were old, and some were new, but they all looked pleased to see her. She reached to the side of the door and flicked the switch to trigger a cascade of incandescent tube lights to flicker into life, one after the other, from one side of the paddock to the other. Kristen walked down the row of individual stalls that comprised each animal’s apartment until she felt slippery, wet and warm nose press into her exposed shoulder. She turned to face the adventurous beast and giggled.

“Hello to you, too,” she murmured, running a hand up one side of the gigantic Clydesdale’s nose, scratching him gently. The horse was kept on the right-hand side of the paddock, which she remembered from her equine aficionado days as meaning the horse was a ‘he’ – a stallion. The beast trotted forward toward the front of his enclosure, leaned out over the gate, and pressed his enormous muzzle into the side of Kristen’s neck.

“H- hey!” she giggled, pushing the curious beast away from her. The horse neighed playfully before trotting around, pirouetting about in the stall with a swish of his tail. That was when she saw something that made her gasp.

If you’re someone who grew up around horses, there are a couple things that you eventually just go

sort of blind to. Horses are beautiful, immaculate creatures, but they're farm animals all the same. Something that Kristen was blind to, up until this frozen, pregnant pause, was that the horse in front of her was packing a cock that drooped nearly all the way down to the hay on the bottom of his spacious enclosure. The horse cock was about as thick around as Kristen's forearm and terminated in a bulbous tip that was thick and shaped like an overgrown flat-cap mushroom. She couldn't bring herself to not look at it. She tried to tear her gaze away, but felt her tongue dribbling a trail of saliva that ran down off of her bottom lip and over her chin. Blushing, she rubbed the back of her hand along her chin to clear away the betraying drool before reminding herself to keep her mouth closed.

"Holy fuck.. It's so big.." Kristen said to herself with her wide-eyed gaze still needing surgical intervention to be detached from the gargantuan horsedong that was dangling just feet from her.

"How have I never seen that before.." she internally monologued, "I was upstairs shoving sharpies in my ass and this fucking monster was here the whole time..?"

Kristen felt her hand reaching for the latch on the stall door, and watched her fingers act of their own accord. The iron rod of the door bolt came open smoothly, untethering the swinging gate from the post that kept it in place. She had stepped around the door and was about to cross into the personal space - and, most importantly, that fat horsey cock that the ebony stallion was dangling - when she heard the front doors to the paddock open wider.

Kristen spun on a heel to face the door she had come in and saw the beaming face of her mother half-sprinting towards her.

"Kristy!" her mother wailed, already sobbing into her daughter's shoulder.

Kristen hugged her mother back, wrapping both of her arms around her tightly. She couldn't resist craning her head around, though, to continue studying the intoxicating pipe that the muscle-bound beast was rocking. Truth be told, she wasn't sure what she was going to do once she had gotten into the stall with the hung horse, but she knew, deep down, that she wasn't going to be able to cap off this summer visit without finding out.

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Pleasantries were made over dinner that evening. She filled in her parents and her little sister of all she had gotten up to over the last four years. Some info was new, some of it was old, but she spared them the details of her 'party girl' side. Her sister poked and prodded throughout the entirety of dinner trying to jab holes in Kristen's veil that she held over the raunchier side of college - the side that Kristen knew all too well. She knew that girl was going to be up to no good when she packed off for the bright city lights, herself. Hopefully she's smart enough to use protection, Kristen mused. One invading thought nagged at her the entire time around the family dinner table, however. She spent minutes at a time gazing down into her plate thinking about that juicy, thick, unbelievably massive horsecock that was penned up across the yard from her. She sat there at the table and hoped that her parents couldn't read minds; if they had, they would see Kristen's imagination dominated by images of their daughter getting filled to the breaking point by stallion schlong.

After the plates were cleared and the sun had sank below the horizon, it was time to head to bed for the evening. Like a well-mannered daughter, Kristen helped with the dishes before saying her 'good nights' and finding her way back up to the thirteen-year-old-Kristen time capsule that was her bedroom. She shut the door behind her, flicked the overhead light on, flopped onto the bed, and sighed. Her mind was still overwhelmed by thirty-second fragmented loops of the different positions she would take a pounding from that enthralling, 18-inch marebreaker. The wanna-be bitch-in-heat

felt the heat between her legs precipitating the wetness underneath her panties. In spite of her instinct, she knew she was getting wet at the thought of being the breeding mare for that stallion waiting for her in the paddock.

After stripping her clothes off and wriggling her plump booty out of her dampened underwear, she changed into a slouchy pair of sweatpants and a loose-fitting tank top. She was going to stave off the intrusive thoughts by calling it a night. If she gave into the temptation of seeing 'what could be,' who knows what sort of path she was going to start down? Were all of those 'horse girls' she knew in high school addicted to the flavor of horsey spunk? She slipped under the handmade down-feather duvet comforter and curled up inside. After she studied the inside of her eyelids for a while, she would wake up the next morning and forever put to bed the thoughts of sneaking down the stairs, across the yard, and into the stables to see where her curiosity led her.

.. except, that's not at all what was happening. Shutting her eyes let her imagination run rampant. She lusted after the thought of letting her curiosity get the better of her. Kristen knew that she wasn't going to be able to stay in bed for another second. In fact, the only way she was going to get any sleep this summer would be to put her slippers on, cross the yard, and indulge whatever dark temptation she was harboring.

Halfway across the moonlit lawn to the horse paddock, Kristen felt her heartbeat quicken. The doors to the building grew closer with every step, and with every step did her heart rate jump up a couple beats per second.

"Holy shit, am I actually doin' this?" Kristen thought to herself. "What is wrong with me.." she chided, but didn't for a second consider deviating from her current course of action. Her mind was made up; she was going to sate her curious lust. She was going to feel that throbbing baseball bat of a horse cock using her gaping pussy like she were any of the other mares on the other side of the stables. She wasn't going to fight the urge any longer - though, after about six hours of continuous fantasizing, she wasn't sure she could describe that as "fighting it" per-say.

Just as she had earlier that day, Kristen guided the tracked paddock door along the rails and out of her way. She crossed over the threshold and made sure to shut the door tightly behind her. There was no to speak of on the inside, but it was late enough that everyone else would be asleep. Nothing to interrupt her this time. Kristen snapped on the lights inside of the paddock and was greeted with the familiar knickering and neighing that she was used to. She smiled, and approached the gated entrance to the stall where her curiosity had been stoked in the first place. The black-eyed stallion looked down at her and grunted something she couldn't shake the feeling was a sort of lust-fueled horniness of his own.

Just like before, she undid the latch on the gate and pulled it open. Cautiously, Kristen stepped into the stall with the massive beast. She ran a hand up the side of his face and scratched through his coarse hair.

"Hey there.." she spoke softly, resting her cheek against his. She had heard stories of horses being able to tell when a heated partner was in the vicinity - something to do with pheromones in the air. Or maybe the animal could sense the arousal between her legs. Either way, when she knelt down to get closer than she had ever gotten before to the object of her day-long fantasy, she noticed that the equine stud had apparently 'grown' in anticipation of her as well. Instead of the flaccid, soft horse cock that had prompted off this debauchorous indulgence of a visit earlier that day, she was treated to the sight of a rock-hard, foot-and-a-half long and pulsating stallion shaft.

"Oh m'gawd.." Kristen murmured from on her knees underneath the heft of the beast's belly. She

inched up closer to it, close enough to feel the heat of the gargantuan horse dick radiate onto her face. She brought a trembling hand up underneath it and was only barely able to close her hand around the shaft. She gave the engorged member a playful stroke back and forth and heard the object of her horsefucking fantasies whinny softly. She reached up with the hand not grasping his swollen cock and stroked his side.

"Whoa there, guy.. whoa.." she breathed, calming the horse as best she could and calling upon her days as an amateur country girl jockey. "This is 'gonna be good for both of us." Kristen stroked her hand back and forth on the girthy meat that barely fit in her hand, and to her surprise, she felt it get somehow even harder than it was previously. Where the horsey member had been soft before, it was completely firm. Kristen blushed at the thought of getting the equine monster's jollies off, but scooted closer to the monster cock he was packing. With her hand gently stroking him, she brought her mouth up next to the grapefruit-sized balls at the base of his pole and ran her tongue up along one of side of the dangling pair. She planted a messy kiss onto the stallion's mighty nuts, swirling her tongue round and round on the sensitive skin while she was there. Parting her lips, Kristen was only barely able to suckle one of them into her mouth. With that horse cumfactory in between her lips, she knew she had made the right decision coming down here tonight. But there was something else she wanted even more than that, and that was going to mean she needed to spitshine the beast dangling underneath the beast she was underneath.

She slopped her mouth off of the nut in her gullet, and ran her slobbery tongue up along the slightly fuzzy folds of the equine nuts she was pleasuring. She guided her mouth along the base of the stallion's pole, slid her tongue until the sheath of his cock ended and the fleshy mouthfeel of the dick she was spitshining began. Then, she was in familiar territory. Truth be told, she had been far from a 'good girl' in college. The notches on her belt for cock conquests were extensive. In the beginning, bringing a guy back to her dorm room for a romp under the covers was an exciting exercise in sluttiness. By the twelfth jock cock, it the 'hunt' had sort of lost its luster. This dick, though, brought all of that lewd pulse-quickenning back to her. What she was doing felt wrong, but she was going to do it all the same. Maybe by the end of her summer stopover at home, she would think horse dick was passé.

Right now, though, as she neared the head of the horse's cock that rivaled the width of an apple, horse dick was her addiction.

She slipped her parted lips around the head of the horse's cock and did her best to apply the skillful sucking she had practiced in her college days. She bobbed her head back and forth and coped with the gentle stamping and thrusting of her horsey partner that came every so often. The addictive musk of horse schlong filling her nostrils, Kristen pushed a hand under the waistband of her sweats and began massaging slowly at her quivering snatch. She had to 'pop!' her mouth off from around the throbbing horse meat in order to let out an unrepressed moan after she plunged a pair of fingers into her aching pussy.

"Mm-fh!" she groaned, "... you and me are 'gonna be best friends this summer, fella.." she said while cradling the horse's nutsack with both hands and painting on another layer of slobber onto the side of his intoxicating cock. If the 'horse girls' of her youth were the ones doing this, she hated them even more - they weren't sharing. She felt her curiosity once again getting the better of her - though, this time, she didn't have to hesitate in sating its appetite. She travelled up underneath the horse's hind legs and up underneath his tail. She gingerly lifted it with one hand and drove her tongue up from behind the speckled pair of nuts she had been busy slobbering on. In college, she had grown addicted to the reactions she would get if she went for the rimjob - most guys loved them once they got them, but needed a little encouragement to try it. Curiosity rearing its head, Kristen wondered if her horsey play partner was any different. She didn't waste a second - she dove in.

Kristen pushed her tongue into his warm asshole and back out, slathering his O-ring in a coating of her spit. Closing her eyes, she felt her tongue cross onto the wrinkled folds of her partner's puckered butthole. Swirling her tongue the wrinkled brown eye, she quietly lapped away at the beast's back door. She could hear him tap his feet against the ground, the faint 'click, click' of his hooves touching the hay-lined floor of the stall echoing throughout the building.

"That good, buddy?" she giggled as she heard the gentle beast neigh softly.

Kristen couldn't stave it off any further. It was time for her to indulge the darkest of those fantasies she had spent the afternoon and early evening turning over in her mind: she wanted this nearly two-foot horsey dong plunged inside of her. Kristen moved with the quickness of a country girl eager to have her pussy pounded. She retrieved the crate from the corner of the stall, overturned it, and guided it up underneath the bulk of her new friend-with-benefits. Kristen wriggled out of her loose-fitting pajamas and lowered her back down onto the surface of the box. With hips straddling the strategically-placed horsey fuck aide, Kristen inched closed toward the horse dick that wiggled back-and-forth with every impatient stamp of the beast's hooves.

"Almost there, pal.. your bitch in heat is almost there.." she said. She flushed red after she finished her horse-flavored dirty talk. "Am I really about to fuck a fucking horse? Oh my god.." Kristen mulled over. Once she felt the tip of the horse dick line up with the slippery entrance to her cunt, she knew the answer. Apparently, her fuckbuddy did too. The good thing about college boys was that they would do anything to please you - you were fucking them, after all. Horses, though? Kristen learned in an instant that horses are always the ones doing the fucking.

With one, mighty, hole-gaping thrust forward from the beast's powerful hips, Kristen felt her pussy slam-packed with more cock than she even dared imagine. She felt her chest tighten up, like the wind had been knocked out of her. All she could do was raise her ankles up, dig them into the side of the beast, grasp at the rickety crate she was laying on, and bear it.

"H-HOLY- H- Holy fuck.. Oh my god, oh my god.. " Kristen screamed as the meaty equivalent of a Louisville slugger impaled her. Not wasting a second, the great animal started pounding away at Kristen just like she were one of the mares on the other side of the building. For all intents and purposes, she was. Her pussy needed a lot of stretching to accommodate the same sheer mass of horse schlong that the average mare took, and it was going to get gaped that way whether or not Kristen was ready for it to, or not.

Those first few thrusts hurt. She wanted to scramble off the makeshift riser and never come back. By the sixth spine-shattering hump, she wasn't going anywhere.

"Okay.. " Kristen breathed out in a stuttery exhale, getting used to the rhythm of the animalistic farmyard pounding she was getting. "Okay.. I can handle this.. Mmh.." The stallion was doing his best to bury himself all the way up in her guts, and was content on hollowing out her insides to get there. Every thrust shot up into her like his cock was going to supplant her backbone if she let him do it. The pain of the first few thrusts gave way into lightning strikes of pleasure with every one of the animal's brisk rutting.

"Oh fuck, that's it.. fucking pound me, pound this little horse-slut.." Kristen moaned while reaching up and grasping at the toned sides of the powerful beast's body. She clung to the underside of the horny beast's body and let her head relax back over the edge of the box. Her mouth was hanging open, her eyes rolled back into her head. Her tongue dangled down out of her mouth in an incessant outpouring of 'horse girl' moans and shrieks as the beast used her.



Back and forth, she felt the equine monstercock ream out her pussy. The walls of her well-fucked hole quivered once he drew back from her and tensed up when he plunged back into her with the rampant onslaught of his dicking. Then, she felt him go for the gold. Using his entire hulking mass to drive his cock into her, her horsey friend buried his dick as deep as he could muster in his mare.

Kristen couldn't even draw up a moan - her mouth was locked open in a silent expression of ecstasy while she felt the horse pump an unimaginable load of verile spunk into her gaped cunt. Goey, gushing horse sperm flooded her insides, splattering the enough of his brand into her womb that she looked back later on and counted her lucky stars that she wouldn't get a bun in her oven from a different species. She felt a rushing torrent of horse spunk flood out of what little gap there could be between his cock and her horsecock-sized hole. The fresh load that was pouring down into her from his balls ran down the side of the crate, oozing out over her otherwise untapped asshole and over her asscheeks.

"Mmh.." Kristen moaned, ".. that's it.. fill your breeding bitch right up, big 'fella.."

That was when she heard a soft 'tap-tap-tap' on a piece of wood near to her. She froze for a moment - though it's not like she was going anywhere in her fresh-fucked state anyway - and listened. Another 'tap-tap' again, and now Kristen was unable to rule it out as a regular part of the barnyard soundscape.

"Don't mind me, honey.." spoke the voice of Kristen's mother.

Kristen's eyes went wide, and a gasp escaped her mouth.

"No, it's okay. Trust me, sweetie. In fact, you put on quite the show," Karen said down to her obscured daughter still clinging to the underbelly of her mount. "You've got a filthy mouth, young lady, but I can't blame you - in your circumstances."

Kristen stayed quiet, listening intently to her mother's words while the stallion's rapidly softening cock finally shrunk enough to slide out of her gaped pussy. Uncorked, the stallion's milky cum flooded out of her beaten-up snatch that was too stretched to prevent the warm gunk from leaking out of her.

".. maybe you should've come home over the holidays after all, huh?" Karen intoned wryly.

"I've- " Kristen began, catching her breath back, "I've got a lot of time to make up for, then." She heard her mother laugh from her vantage point on the horse show.

"Good timing, too.." from her prone position, Kristen listened to her mother's voice taper off into nothingness, then heard the gate latch lift once more. Pussy still oozing with a fresh deposit of horse babybatter, she layed there without moving a muscle - for that matter, she wasn't certain she even could after the dicking she had gotten.

"You know, honey, it's breeding season around here.." Karen murmured softly, and Kristen saw her drop into view, crouching down behind the sexually satisfied stallion. With a devilish intent playing behind her eyes, Kristen watched as her mother sunk two fingers into her gaped-open fuckhole without much resistance. Her bottom lip quivered momentarily before Kristen moaned softly and felt her mother's fingers slide back out from her well-used pussy. Karen's hand was slathered in second-hand horse cum, which, to Kristen's surprise, her mother began lapping off of her goey fingers and knuckles with a lustful stare right into her daughter's eyes.

".. so we'll be able to use an extra pair of hands," Karen finished, finally, while simultaneously

polishing off the last dribble of horse cum-flavored paste from her hand and shooting a telling wink up at her new farmhand.

Kristen nibbled on her lip for a moment, and stroked the side of the beast who had just given her the ride of her life. She was going to have a lot of work to do this summer.